population. The goose is reputed to be silly. But I have never seen one come to grief beneath an auto's wheels. They love to loiter in the highroad; and in one French department there are 1,860,000 of them doing it this minute.

The census of the Haute Garonne is 1,570,000 Toulouse geese; but as the roads are full of geese from Strasbourg to Grenoble and from Carcassonne to Mont-de-Marsan the total goose population of the south of France alone is set down at 8,740,500 birds, mostly high grade, having an average agricultural value of $3.60 apiece, and a merchantable value, after fattening, up to $8. Which represents a total goose asset for a single section of, say, $39,000,000.

The meat of these geese, commonly, is not particularly perfumed or tender—it is only *valuable* as a peculiar, special food. For lack of tenderness the Toulouse goose is victim of its liver—poor, big, grave bird.

Ah, from loitering in the gossipy highroad it is haled one day to a close pen, not big enough to stretch in, strewn so deep with straw that it sinks in up to the neck. There all is warm, dark, silent, fit for meditation and digestion only. Thrice a day the farmer comes and stuffs Mr. Goose with corn—with the use of funnel and ramrod. No foolish politeness. A goose can digest a quart of corn a day during five weeks and may in truth absorb profitably fifty-five quarts in thirty-five days. The corn is not soaked; but to facilitate, a little water is given the bird in course of stuffing. Often salt and cornmeal are added. Some farmers give soup, others milk. The object is to enlarge the goose's liver.

At the critical moment they sell for killing. Every child knows when the fattening is finished. The tail spreads like a fan, its feathers no longer touching each other. Then the liver is ready.

Birds weighing up to thirty-five pounds often develop enormous livers. Specimens weighing from four and a half to five and a half pounds are not rare; and the potting concerns pay up to $2 a pound for the best quality, even dearer.

The remainder of the goose meat from such birds is *goose-confit*, except, perhaps, the breasts for smoking. Here is that vast spuply of winter health food for the people—not dear. It comes even to Paris. All the rare qualities are present in it—only lacking tenderness and perfume. It is not the true Christmas goose, ah, non!

Christmas Birds Different.

The true Christmas goose of Paris is of a very different breed, 200 years and more acclimated around Mans—let us say Mans, as they say Argetouil for best asparagus.

It is tender, delicate, not over large and of a faintly wild game flavor, due to Far East ancestry not really remote—whereas the Toulouse bird has been evolved on the spot time out of mind. In the days of the French East India Company a choice breed of Oriental geese were brought to France. The Mans goose is from it—weighing from six to thirteen pounds and deemed without doubt the most succulent and meritorious of Christmas fowl. Why, those old East Indians themselves knew its queer qualities.

It is roasted on a turning spit if possible.

So, in the memory of thousands of successful men in Paris, grandmother roasted the Christmas bird over hot wood embers in the primitive fireplace of the old farmhouse. Looking back to that grand feast when they were always hungry peasant kids the aroma of roast goose brings tears of worthy sentiment to eyes of real tough business men—and a conviction that no other fowl can take its place!

When the European (at home in Europe) has made a fortune, large or modest, it's the same thing; he just orders up roast goose for winter feasts as a matter of course. It must be done just so. In cities, where folks cook so much with gas, they send the goose to that picturesque relic of old times—the public roaster.

The public roaster still exists, even in modern Paris. At Tours the A. E. F. boys used to take friends to that "corner of the old houses," where the carved wood front of a public roaster of the time of Christopher Columbus still shows the old counter window on the street where roasting pans were handed in and out by families.

Here, in Paris, all such fine old fronts are gone. The public roaster combines with a game and poultry dealer. In the back shop a vast chimney full of red hot embers sports three ranks of spits all turning, turning—while the luscious juices drip, and all the birds are basted, basted, basted with a vast long handled spoon.

Capons, little plump Bresse chickens, ducklings, pheasants, quail, wild duck, roebuck fillet, loin of Belgian hare and pairs of pigeons turn and drip and mingle their rich juices in the process. But enthroned on the best central spits are geese of Mans.

He will sell and roast you a fine seven pound turkey. For $1.20 extra he will stuff it for you with chestnuts, truffles, foie-gras and chopped giblets. But don't look to anybody for enthusiasm over turkeys.

If you have the price he'll fix you up a sucking lamb, roasted with its kidneys and a stuffing of its own chopped liver, chicken livers and foie-gras mingled with the forcemeat and breadcrumbs.

Or a sucking pig, *without* its liver, poor thing!

Pigeons are poor eating; pheasant is cheaper than chicken; quail are dear and worth it; but the bird, the grand bird is the goose.

Is it queer lack of taste to neglect the turkey?

Or is it more profound? Is it elusive, esoteric knowledge, vague remembrance, not of individuals but the collective consciousness of Europe, queer old secret which they always knew, yet never really knew—but, rather, felt.

The Christmas goose, roasted by grandmother over red hot wood embers.

What Golf Is Doing for America Today

By ARTHUR F. M'CARTY.

President Kansas State Golf Association.

MONEY grabbers! Are we? Maybe so. If we are we certainly take time enough off to play—indeed, it is probably only in America that a game could gain such hold on the population that it should come to influence, in greater or less degree, the lives, fortunes and sacred honors of all the people. And at that, we have other games beside it.

There is the "Great National Game," played with balls, bats and injunctions, in back lots, on diamonds and in court rooms; a game which has grown into a vast business, involving huge sums of money, but which, notwithstanding the late unpleasantness, is still a clean, upstanding, American game, the like of which can be found nowhere else in the world.

Then there is that other distinctively American game, played with or without a limit, inside or outside the home, for money, marbles or chalk—a game which has been known to so refresh a wearied money grabber that he found it no longer necessary to go to bed at all, and, in addition, a long list of other and minor games, ranging through mumbletypeg, marbles, pool, billiards, and such milder forms of insanity as horse shoes to the more violent kinds of physical aberration, such as tennis, volley and football, and drop-the-handkerchief. Money grabbers or not, there isn't a man, woman or child in the country who doesn't know all (or nearly all) about one or more of these games, including how to play it or them.

This screed, however, is limited to a discussion of the game of golf, the origin of which is shrouded in mystery, but as to which there are two explanations: There are those who hold that the game was started by a lunatic who was permitted to go on with his vagaries on the theory that it is safer to humor a weak minded individual than to cross him; there are others who contend that a long time ago in Scotland shepherds watching flocks that browsed heather covered hills were wont to amuse themselves by knocking small stones about over the pasture with their crooks. Some enterprising fellow, seeing the possibilities for dealing in golf balls, systematized the habit into a game, then, in order to get the price for the balls, it was made a gentleman's game and crooks were no longer permitted. And a new and original market for the improved instruments immediately invented was created.

Dr. Edward W. Bok maintains that neither is correct, and that golf was invented by a group of serious minded Hollanders some two hundred years before the American constitution was written—which, it appears, also took place in Holland—and, if so, our debt to the Dutch must be enhanced by figures to stagger the imagination. For the game of golf is worth, to us here in this country—but wait, read the rest.

The game of golf affects, to some extent, every person in the country. A strong statement, but I believe I can demonstrate that the influence of this game is as wide as the geographical limits of the country and that it is a literal fact that there is no person in the United States not sharing in what golf is doing for America.

Golf Is Raging.

George Ade said recently, that "in a few years" the game of golf will begin to invade the towns of 3,000 and 4,000 population, and then there will be a tremendous impetus given the growth of golf throughout the country. That remark is absolutely sound, except that George didn't make it soon enough. Golf has not only already invaded hundreds, perhaps thousands, of towns of less than 4,000 population, but is sweeping, particularly in the central west, over the countryside like a swarm of locusts. I happen to know of more than a dozen towns in one State west of the Mississippi river, none of them with as many as 2,000 people, where rather decent nine-hole courses are maintained, and several of these towns have reached little beyond the 1,000 mark. In the same State there are at least two courses on farms, without connection of any sort with town or village, and, distinctly, not of the sort maintained by George Ade on his farm in Indiana. Those two little western golf courses were built by farmers who farm for themselves and other farmers who farm, and may be called community golf courses in the purest sense. Driving by one of them recently, I observed a game in progress, with two men and two women playing, the men in overalls and the women in sunbonnets! The fairways were as left by the livestock which grazed the pasture, the greens only being mowed. On these and all the courses in the small communities mentioned the appurtenances are the crudest. But it all illustrates most forcibly the real passion for golf which grips the country.

Probably upward of two million persons in the United States now play golf. There is no other game which furnishes exercise in the open air being followed by any such number. New clubs and new courses are so numerous that the starting of another gets but passing mention and new thousands daily take up the sticks and go at the most elusive pastime ever conceived in the brain of man. At the rate golf courses are being constructed a couple of years more will see them as common as town halls, and much more useful than many such edifices; there will be no point in the State mentioned more than twenty miles from a golf course; teams between town and town will be the everyday vogue, and tournaments but incidents of the summer afternoons. Is there any question but that all these golf players are being enormously benefited in their physical well being by this outdoor exercise? Certainly not, and it is equally certain that the benefit will extend to future generations. This, then, is one of the things golf is doing for America—it is building up the bodies of more persons than many have thought possible.

These little clubs, sometimes called golf club but more often denominated "country club," are thickly dotting that portion of our national map remaining after lopping off two seaboards; especially is that great basin reaching from the Alleghanies to the Rockies their happy habitat. And very decidedly it all means something to the country at large.

Golf Is a Clean Sport.

In these middle Western towns of 20,000 and under the country clubs are the pivots around which much of the business life revolves, and in the summer all the social life. Thus, for another thing, golf, by providing the nucleus around which these wonderful community centers are set up, is doing much to preserve that other great institution, the American family, in the form and meaning it had when the countryside used to foregather in the Sycamore Grove for a picnic. When Plainville, Kan., with 800 people, leases an eighty acre pasture just outside the village, lays out a golf course and begins playing, the neighboring town of Wilson looks across the low lying hills and the swales where the "slough grass" towers above the buffalo grass and gets the inspiration to do likewise—and immediately does. Thereafter the two towns visit back and forth and send their picked teams to beat the other fellows, and a tremendous fostering of town pride and the formation of many priceless friendships result. Can you think of anything to beat that as contributing to sanity, wholesomeness of